Smith's Report

ON THE HOLOCAUST CONTROVERSY

Number 90 **WWW.CODOH.COM** **April 2002**

NOTEBOOK

Bradley R. Smith

I like to tell the story of how I came up with the brilliant idea of running full-page editorial ads in student newspapers back in the early 1990s. The truth of the matter is that it was not my idea. It was John Anderson's idea. It wasn't really John's idea either. It was his wife's idea.

At that time I was running small ads in a number of student newspapers and it was clear to me that I was on to something. I planned on just doing more of the same. The way I remember the story is that one day when a small ad was running in the *Daily Northwestern* John and his wife, who lived then in Chicago, were talking it over. His wife was ironing clothes, doing some kind of domestic work, and after awhile she said:

"John, Bradley's doing it all wrong. If he wants to get their attention he has to think bigger than that. He needs to

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MacKENZIE PAINE: A TRUTH-SEEKING MISSLE

(*MacKenzie Paine is the pen name of Audrey Jones, who was my right-hand man here at the office for almost two years. Many of you will remember her well, and remember her writings.*)

The thing about Audrey is that she was passionate and honest and available. The first time I spoke to her on the telephone I understood how available she was. It was in the tone of her voice, her openness, her enthusiasm. She was there. All the way. The next day she came to the house and we went up the outside stairs to my office and I knew in about ten minutes that she would become my right-hand man.

We had each arrived in Baja Mexico three years earlier but had never run into each other. She had moved south to run a real estate business on the Baja coast, rented a fine house for herself, her father, her autistic brother and her two sons. Six weeks after settling in, the real estate venture was purchased by a Japanese bank in Mexico City and closed down. Audrey had to move her family to house on a dirt road on a desolate hilltop some seven miles outside of town. There were no telephone lines so having a computer was a useless exercise. She began doing odd secretarial jobs around town for four dollars an hour.

I discovered her passion for politics first. She was a right-wing conservative American patriot – make that

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LETTERS

Enclosed are my $50 for the set of 11 issues of The Revisionist in hardcopy, together with the bonus special Campus Edition, as offered in SR #88 for $45.

The web will never replace traditional hardcopy publication. Frankly, I pay scant attention to articles on the web because there is too much there. When I have the stuff in hardcopy, however, I can flip through it and decide what may be worth reading.

There is a lot of good writing out there that, for various reasons, can't be published in the few journals devoted to revisionism, and much of it appears on the CODOH Web site. I hope you continue to issue it in hardcopy.

The extra $5 are to support your right to eat.

Arthur Butz

The Washington Post ran a story on 22 February headlined: "DEMJANJUK AGAIN STRIPPED OF CITIZENSHIP." In the body of the article it was reported that U.S. Distinct Judge Paul R. Matia ruled that the government had shown through "clear, convincing and unequivocal evidence" that Demjanjuk was a guard at ... "the Sobibor extermination camp."

Are we revisionists going to let this, evidently unread, U.S. District Judge get away with his "clear, convincing and unequivocal evidence" statements without first proving to the public, in an open court, that Sobibor was a extermination camp with "gas chambers?"

Can't we sue? Class action? There must be a gimmick that will enable a good law suite to make the court prove that Sobibor was an "extermination" camp. Can't we get law students to handle this case, or to work on it? Isn't there someone who can approach a law class and ask "how much" to research the case? Can't you ask your readers do contribute to such a project and promise us that you will give any monies collected to the students?

Here! I'll wrap your fist dollar in this letter and I'll put some aside to send when I read you write up asking for it.

Clifton G., Washington

This I is a very provocative letter. It's a fine idea. A good project. The first thing I should say is that I am not the one who can do this. There are many things to do, not enough hands. But I like the idea. If I could get one lawyer, I have a couple in mind, who would be willing and able to handle the project, I could give them their own page on CODOHWeb. I am even now gaining many insights in how to promote such a project via the Web. But there would have to be one lawyer, or one layman familiar with legal procedures, who would be willing to take on the responsibility. The idea of finding one law class willing to devote itself to examining the evidence for gas chambers at Sobibor – well, it's a fine idea. Do we have a lawyer? We could talk it over. Meanwhile, I do not encourage anyone to contribute to this project unless something happens with it.

A suggestion for an additional venue for the campaign for open debate. Most states have arts councils that provide grants to artists and arts organizations. Each year, the arts councils also have recognition ceremonies we artists, arts organizations and other persons and groups are recognized for the contributions to the arts.

State arts funding bureaucracies are dominated by the sort of progressives who have closed minds on most issues and most likely also have closed minds about the facts of World War II. The nominal constituencies of these bureaucracies however are artists who are typically more willing to consider scandalous topics. I wonder of these kinds of programs might be a venue that would be as interesting as your college newspaper ads?

Kurt W., Ohio

This is a long shot, but interesting. I don't think the newspaper ads would work in that setting, but Break His Bones – technically the book is a possibility. Interesting. We'll see. Once the book is in hard copy, maybe someone will have a further idea along this line.

I was very happy to meet Your family in your Christmas greetings.. I am very impressed with your publications and wish to thank you for them. I have been in this country since 1952 and am a naturalized citizen. Originally I came from Frankfurt Germany where I was in the German army at age 15. My direct experience of the happenings in Germany put my beliefs considerably at odds with the media propaganda, which is why a appreciate your straightforward honesty.

Walter G., Pennsylvania

(This is a letter than fell through the cracks more than two years ago, but one I believe should be published.)

You continue to do wonders with so little resources. I admire your achievements. However, I am no little annoyed by the Garaudy book and its obvious neglect of primary sources, as indicated in your Internet [version] of that work. I have been unwell – old age ain't for sissies – and overlooked you're the text you published until today.

On page 35 the 1949 Ben Gurion statement source is listed as Christopher Sykes, 1965. But in my *What Price Israel?,* published in 1953, you will find the original quote on p.191 in full. Sykes and then Garaudy took liberties with the quote by paraphrasing and then putting quotation marks around it. Garaudy was familiar with the book, as he otherwise quotes me on p.33, though he gives a wrong initial to my name.

On your p.84 you pointed to Harvey Firestone "using his influence with the Liberian government" – this appeared on p.65 of *What Price Israel?* The status of Jews in Iraq is discussed in my *The Other Side of the Coin,* published in 1965, including "Operation Ali Baba" on pages 37-38.

Pardon me if I say through you to Garaudy: you work your ass off to dig up facts and get them into print at a time when it was nearly impossible to do so, and you do not enjoy seeing your efforts pirated. This has happened quite often, and it is difficult not to get exorcised over it.

Getting old and seeing all you have predicted come to pass – it is hard to take, as is seeing others exploit your material. There have been quite a number of refer-

ences to my writings on the Internet. Wish I were strong enough to have my own Web site. Alas, no!

All the best to you.

Dr. Alfred M. Lilienthal

MacKENZIE PAINE

PATRIOT in caps. An America-First Patriot. She was an orthodox, but rather lapsed, Roman Catholic. In the moment her political passion was focused on the attempt of George W. Bush to gain the Republican presidential nomination. She despised Clinton, Gore, those around them and what they stood for – primarily what she understood to be their rewriting of the Constitution. At least once every morning we would go out on the terraza where she would smoke furiously and defend conservative politics and past Republican administrations against my inclination to want to undermine her confidence in them.

Audrey judged Bush and Gore from a left/right, liberal/conservative perspective while I tended to judge them by how their parties stood in relation to the ideal of liberty, both at home and abroad. My view was that they had both failed historically, both domestically and with foreign policy. Because no political party will ever put liberty before its own success, Audrey was consistently frustrated with how I engaged her. Nevertheless, every day she would get into it with me. Her passion for the success of George Bush, the Republican Party, and conservative ideals was all consuming.

When she signed up to work with me Audrey knew nothing about revisionist theory and had no particular interest in it. That was all right with me because I needed secretarial help, nothing more. That's what I thought. At the same time there was a lot of back and forth crossing our desks about the Campus Project and she began to understand something about what I was doing. She told me later that she had had substantial reservations about associating with me. She had never known a revisionist, but suspected that I was some kind of bigot, certainly anti-Jewish, perhaps even a racist. She said she had been prepared to quit the moment I revealed my true colors. As she saw what revisionists were actually doing, however, she began to dip into the literature. It was very easy for her to understand that no matter who was right about revisionism, that censorship should be condemned and intellectual freedom encouraged.

Audrey was very open about herself and her family. She told me about the early death of her mother, even some of the subsequent peccadilloes of her father – laughing as she told me how she had told him that she had told me and how he was scandalized. She told me about her marriage to an Australian that ended as soon as it happened but produced her son Anthony. And she told me how she was so devastated by the stories and pictures of poverty and dying children in Haiti that she adopted a Haitian boy to be a brother to her natural son. She named him Jonathan and he turned out to be a fine boy and he and Anthony became brothers in every decent sense of that word.

I never fully understood her passion for the welfare of children everywhere in the world. Even when she was broke and isolated and doing odd jobs at four dollars an hour she was working with a Mexican agency to set up an adoption service to search for American families that would be interested in adopting Mexican orphans. She was ready to kick off the program via the Internet (using a computer of a friend who had an office in town) when she started working for me, but problems arose with other women involved with the program, Mexican bureaucracy was impenetrable, and one thing after another went wrong until she found that was facing possible charges for "selling" Mexican babies to Americans. It was a mess. She had to let it go. She was devastated by the affair. To make matters worse, she had found a little girl who had been orphaned and had grasped her heart and Audrey had wanted to adopt her too. Now it would be impossible.

So she was as close to being broke as she could be. She had her family to take care of, the problems with the Mexican adoption program to settle, her utter commitment to the Bush people and their race for the presidency, and now she found she was growing increasingly interested in revisionism. While she didn't have a firm grasp on revisionist theory, she understood very quickly that there was something wrong when professors argued that revisionist text should be censored and suppressed, and when they were unwilling to debate revisionists themselves. She began taking books home with her at night and in the couple hours before bedtime, drinking mescal and tequila with her father, she began informing herself on the issues. By the time Bush was elected, a thrilling moment in Audrey's life, she had become a Holocaust revisionist.

Audrey performed the office work that I needed to have done, and had one idea after another how to promote CODOH and the work. Networking was her cup of tea. She kept in touch with everyone, and everyone she kept in touch with appreciated her attention. I handed off more and more responsibilities to her. I had started her off at six dollars an hour, a very good wage here, then eight dollars, then ten percent of the gross income that came in. She was, truly, my right hand man.

One day shortly after she had started to work she had shown me an article she had written for the English page in a Tijuana paper. It told the story of an ordinary taxi ride she had taken, what had gone on between the passengers, the cab driver and herself. It was a small, straight ahead article that showed no real promise and I did not think about her as a writer. Then one day she did an article for *Smith's Report* about a trip she had taken to Germany as a college student, her obligatory visit to Dachau, her horror at what she thought she saw there, and finally her refusal of an offer from a young German man to help her get across a busy intersection because he was "tainted" by the history of his country. In her new article she wrote about how she day-dreamed now of returning to Germany and with luck finding that man and apologizing to him. It was a fine article, sentimental

but idealistic. And it was perhaps that afternoon that Audrey Jones became McKenzie Paine, revisionist activist extraordinaire.

Audrey's innately sound character was now going to be tested. She recognized the fact that the gas chamber story was is in the hands of the Holocaust Industry, and that it was worth hundreds of millions, if not billions of dollars to those who exploited it. She saw how the Israelis were squatting beast-like on the Palestinians, always using the issue of Jewish victimization by others to legitimate their behavior. That behind all the talk about victimization was the unrelenting talk about the Holocaust story. It was becoming all of a piece to her, as it has to most revisionists. And she could see that her hero, President George W. Bush, had no more intention of being forthright about any of this than Clinton had been. Within weeks of his gaining the Presidency, Audrey was beginning to back away from Bush and his crowd. She was no kid, she was in her forties, but she was allowing her world to turn itself upside down – on principle.

The Palestinian affair grew explosive. Palestinian kids with rocks and slingshots were facing off against Israeli tanks. The pictures of the kids did something to her. She began networking with Palestinians through the Internet. It was the unfairness of the fight, the poor and defenseless against the rich and powerful. It was young men and even children with rocks and slingshots against trained soldiers. It was the double standards of the U.S. Government, favoring the occupiers over the occupied. And then it was the photos of the young Palestinian Arabs killed and maimed by Israeli Jews, with American arms, that created in Audrey's mind the concept of "The Bully." Israel, backed by the U.S. – The Bully.

In early 2001 the telephone company was able to run a line up the hill where Audrey was living. Now she could get Online. She could work at home. She could double the time she spent at revisionism, which had become her new passion. For a while she continued to work for me and started working for her self at home. She put her networking abilities to the test and was soon in contact with Palestinians in North America, Europe, Palestine and the rest of the Arab world. She developed an outreach concept titled Truth Seeking Missiles – polemical articles about The Bully and the Palestinians distributed over the Internet worldwide. She was on her own. She raged, I think I can use that word, against Israeli brutality against Palestinians, particularly Palestinian children. We saw less of each other. One day in town when I ran into her she told me, "Bradley, you've created a monster." It was a compliment. I wondered how I had pulled it off. It wasn't that I had done anything specific, or that there was a moment when I had brought her to see the light, as it were. It was something that just happened while we worked together.

We continued our back and forth via email. Audrey had experienced a "conversion" to revisionism, much like I had twenty years before. Revisionist theory had been the springboard for it. It had undermined her commitment to Republican politics because Republicans were doing nothing to deter the killing of Palestinian children. It had undermined her passionate patriotism because she saw that it was Americans, the U.S. Congress, who were paying for the killing of Palestinian children. And revisionism had undermined her orthodox understanding of the history of the 20th century and all the blather about a unique German monstrosity and a unique Jewish victimization.

I thought she had gone too far in a new direction. I urged her to be careful with her passion, that it wasn't just a matter of The Bully killing Palestinian kids. Palestinian radicals were killing Israeli kids too. I argued that the intentional killing of children should be the issue, and that the killing should not be divided into the acceptable deliberate killing of children and the unacceptable deliberate killing of children. But she had made a choice. All her passion was focused on the Palestinians, particularly the children. I admitted that I tended to do that as well – it's a matter of being for the "underdog," but that it made me very uncomfortable. But Audrey was being absolutely honest about the pain and despair she had begun to feel for Palestinian kids. She made herself available to every Palestinian everywhere in the world, and offered to work for them, work to save their children, work to put The Bully back in its cage. She was consumed with her new work. There was nothing else she wanted to do.

Last Fall Audrey decided to return to the U.S. She had a job offer working with a new, radical conservative radio station in Alabama. It took everything she could beg or borrow to get her family out of Mexico and her household goods hauled to Alabama. They arrived the week before Christmas, 2001. Before she left she brought us her 24-year-old parrot Cyrano, two cats and a kitten. My wife was enchanted, still is, with the parrot and holds long unintelligible conversations with him in Spanish. One of the cats ran off. The kitten disappeared. But the big fat white cat, that we had given to the boys when it was yet a kitten, is still with us.

Over the last months Audrey and I have been in irregular contact. Then for various reasons we were in almost daily contact. I had been encouraging her to put up her own Website and she had decided to do it. One day she mentioned that her Webmaster was a Palestinian living in Palestine. I didn't think that was a very good business idea. I told her, half-jokingly, to not even *think* of going to Palestine but to bring the guy over here and settle him in Alabama. She said that it was out of my hands, that she had talked with him via the telephone for hours, that she was in love, and that they were "thinking of Italy."

The next night Audrey, her father and brother and her two sons Anthony and Jonathan were driving to Huntsville to have Chinese food to celebrate Jonathan's thirteenth birthday. At a rural intersection in the dark they were struck on the driver's side by a van traveling at high speed. Audrey died at the scene. Her father was hurt seriously but is expected to be okay. Neither Audrey's brother nor

her sons were seriously injured. So now the special passion that was hers is gone, the special honesty, and she is no longer available to any of us. There appears to be no reason for what happened. Nothing to learn from it. This is simply how the gods arrange our fates. Who knows what will happen before this day is out? -- BRS

BREAK HIS BONES

I suppose this is the first of what will be a series of articles that focus on what I am doing with *Break His Bones: My Life as a Holocaust Revisionist.* I'm making progress, but it feels like I'm working through a sea of molasses.

Last month as I drove to the mail drop here Baja to send **SR89** to my printer on the other side, I felt a content that now I would be able to turn to the manuscript, and send it to the printer. I dropped off **SR** and was driving back to the house when thought began to reflect on how it is more important to market the book than print it. That it was more important to start promoting the book on the Web that to have a couple thousand print copies warehoused someplace.

By the time I got to the house – it's about a six-minute drive in traffic from the mail drop to the house -- I had dismissed the idea of working on the manuscript and replaced it with the idea to work on the "holding page" for Bones on the World Wide Web. It happened just like that – like a snap of the fingers. Remarkable. I had already done some work on the page and now I took another look at it. It wasn't right, of course. It had to be very simple, have all the information necessary on one page to create an interest in the book.

The first work was to design the page and write the "sales letter. Only the opening paragraphs of the sales letter would be on the first page. The challenge was to design a page that would capture the attention of the viewer within ten seconds. That's the common wisdom of the people who specialize in telling you how to do this stuff. You have about ten seconds, sometimes less, to grab the attention of the Internet reader who has clicked onto your page. If you can't do it in ten seconds, he clicks off your page and onto another and you've lost him, maybe forever.

I had no idea that it would take me all month to design one page and do one sales letter. Designing the page was the easier part. I have an attention-grabbing three-line head: "My Struggle to Encourage an Open Debate on the Holocaust Story." That tells exactly what the book is about. If the reader is interested in the subject matter, I will have his attention. If he isn't, I hope to grab it. There is an additional line in quotes: "There is nothing like this book in the literature – nothing!" The three-line head informs the reader that I am addressing a very controversial subject. The fourth informs the reader that there is no other book like this one – anywhere.

There is the layout of the book's cover. "Break His Bones," and a mug shot off the author. The reader understands immediately that the book is autobiographical and that maybe, just maybe, this guy is going to put himself on the line. It will be the first substantial look any reader anywhere will have had of the private life of Holocaust revisionist. I know from experience that this is a matter of some interest for many people, those who either support or condemn revisionism, and the great middle, a good percentage of which will be curious.

There is a contents box. Each individual line, when it is clicked on will take the reader to that sub-page. Each sub-page relates to the book or its author, each providing additional information about the book and its author. The reader will be able to order the book by clicking on the "order" line in the box on the Main Page. Additionally, each sub-page will be a "selling" page, with an "order" line to click on.

Most of the sub-pages are self-explanatory. The reader can get a quick flavor of the book through the "Chapter Outline." At the end of the

Outline the reader will find a place to click and order the book. He will be able to "download" the "Free Sample Chapter" into his computer and read it at his leisure. At the end of the chapter there will be a place to click and order the book. "Who is Bradley R. Smith" will provide the reader with a brief outline of the author's work as a revisionist, any maybe some other stuff. Again, reaching the end, the reader will be able to order the book from that page. "The Back Cover" of *Bones* will contain blurbs by readers of the galleys extolling the virtues of the book, and a place to order it.

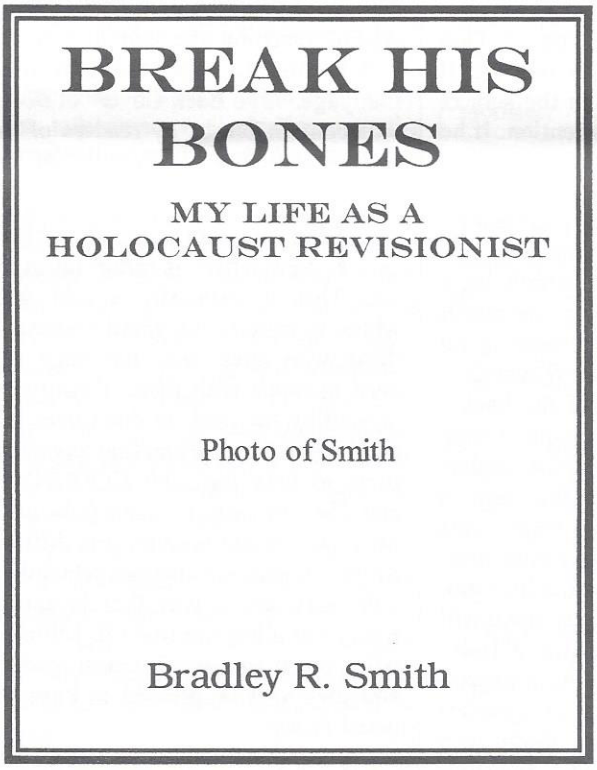
The concept for the "Free Newsletter" is rather up in air yet. This is primarily a tool with which to capture the email address of those who click onto the page and keep in touch with them. Essentially, promoting the book to them over and over again, and promoting contributions to help me with CODOHWeb and *The Revisionist.* I have to be careful with this one because it is difficult for me to produce copy on schedule. I will work out a way that is simple enough to allow me to do it. I think it will interest and surprise most readers, and they will be pleased to have ordered *Bones*.

"The Pre-Publication Offer" will be just that – a break on the price for those who choose to order it before publication. Those who order the book before its publication date will receive a special "E-book" – a manuscript that he will be able to download to his computer immediately upon his prepayment for the book. It looks like the piece I'm going to offer will probably be a 19,000-word excerpt from my 1979 journal. I have been asked again and again what I would write about if I did not have the Holocaust to write about, the Jews to "beat up on." These journal excerpts, unedited, will inform readers what I was working on during the year of my misfortune, and before the night I discovered revisionist theory..

MY STRUGGLE TO ENCOURAGE AN OPEN DEBATE ON THE HOLOCAUST STORY

WEB PAGE MOCK UP

"There is nothing like this book in the literature – nothing!"



***Break His Bones*: Chapter Outline**
Who is Bradley R. Smith?
Free Sample Chapter
Free Newsletter: The Story of a Book
Pre-publication Offer -- E-book
Comment on *Break His Bones*
The Press Room
Contact page
ORDER *Break His Bones*
I Want to Help With This Project

Friend:

My name is Bradley R. Smith and I'm the author of ***BREAK HIS BONES: My Life as a Holocaust Revisionist***. With this book I tell the story of how I came to be labeled one of the "Top Ten Extremists" in America -- maybe one of the most dangerous fanatics in the land. Why? Because I run "editorial advertisements" in student newspapers on university campuses arguing that our professorial class and other intellectual elites should encourage, not discourage, intellectual freedom – even with regard to the Holocaust story. It's that simple.

Break His Bones is not an academic essay. It's the story of one man, a simple writer with no university degrees, a tiny budget, no influence, and no friends in high places, who became convinced that something was wrong with the "gas chamber" stories. I had believed the stories all my

The Press Room will be set up to provide the special background, as briefly as possible, that the print press and radio and television talk show producers will need to see if they are interested in talking to me. I will make the book available to press either in galleys, printed, and as a downloadable E-Book that they can get immediately via secure PDF files. I'm confident that I will be able to get radio talk shows. With each interview we will discuss *Bones*, how *Bones* relates to what is going on with American foreign policy, particularly in the Middle East and the Moslem world. It will be controversial. I guarantee it.

Each time I do radio I will give out the HomePage address for *Bones* – www.breakhisbones.com. All they have to remember are three words, "break his bones." Anyone who uses a computer and is Online knows that they will type "breakhisbones." It's that simple. I will be speaking to tens of thousands of people – over time hundreds of thousands. Some percentage of these folk will go the HomePage for *Bones*. Some percentage of those will order it. And in any event, even for those who go to the site but do not buy the book, they will have come face to face with revisionist theory from a revisionist point of view, in all likelihood for the first time, and they will have reached the portal that leads to CODOHWeb (where the information is) and *The Revisionist*.

"Reviews" is self-explanatory, and a way for me to be in communication with my readers. Then there is the Contact Page, which will have my telephone and fax numbers, voice mail, email address, and the Web addresses for CODOHWeb and The Revisionist.

Conceptualizing the HomePage was not difficult. I had to re-do it twenty or thirty times, but that's normal. Oddly, what has been difficult is the "sales letter." You'll see the first couple paragraphs of the letter in the right-hand column of the Web page. The challenge is to explain to the reader the "benefits" he will receive by reading the book. But *Bones* is not that kind of book. It's not a "How-To" book. It will not tell you how to become a millionaire, how to fix your kitchen sink, how to raise your children (no irony intended), or any of the rest of it. *Bones* is a literary exercise that addresses an historical controversy and the impact that this discovery had on the life of one individual.

I have not yet gotten the letter finished in a way that is satisfactory. I'm going to go with it. Here's one of the advantages with working on the Web. I do not have pay to print 10,000 copies of a marketing letter and pay to get it stuffed and pay for the mailing list and pay the postage and after having made the investment run the risk of finding that it is nothing special and that I should have done this to it, done that with it. Working on the Web I can start with the marketing letter the way I have it now, and next month when I see where its weaknesses are I can get into the site, edit it, or rewrite it, and post the new version of the letter. Nothing I do is set in concrete, which for a writer like me is a very good thing.

I have probably told some of you more about the background here than you wanted to know. What I have accomplished is less that I had hoped to have accomplished by now. It is great fun to work out the concept for this project, but I think sometimes that I am over-hesitant in initiating the project as I go along. It is all new to me, I don't really have the funds to do it all at once, and I think there is some procrastination involved. I'm not certain what that's all about. It's like when you're a kid at the local swimming pool and it's the first time that you have stepped out on the high diving board. You're going to dive, you know you're going to dive, but you hesitate. You have never done it before and you need a moment before you make the plunge.

Anyhow, that moment is over for me. Tuesday next, the same day that I will send this newsletter to the printer, I have an appointment with my computer technician to put the HomePage for *Bones* on the World Wide Web. From such small acorns. . . .

BRS

NOTEBOOK

run full page advertisements. That'll get their attention." John thought that was a pretty good idea. He called me and told me about it. He said he would pay for the ad. It would cost about 500-dollarts, an amount that was impossible for me. He said he would help me write it too. He'd made me an offer I could not refuse.

We started working on the text the end of June and didn't finish until the end of August. John's politics were very different from mine, and we had to argue out every sentence in the ad. But we got it done and when it ran it caused a fire storm of controversy at Northwestern, and produced enough funding to begin running the ads in university papers all around the country, and the Campus Project came into its own.

I continued to work on the text and it became "The Holocaust Controversy: The Case for Open Debate." In the end it became the most widely read Holocaust revisionist text ever published. For several years I printed it as a leaflet, and readers of *Smith's Report* distributed tens of thousands of them. But last year I let it go, along with a number of other things.

Over the years John and I kept in touch. He never stopped helping me, or criticizing my work, or encouraging me. A year ago when Paloma and I were in Visalia, John and his wife were in the area and we were able to spend an afternoon together at one of the town's ritzy restaurants, a place I had never eaten before. A good time was had by all. Then one night in March I received an email from Mrs. Anderson informing me that John had died. It was a stunning moment. John

had had lung cancer for three years and never mentioned it. So different from how I am. I will miss having his counsel, and his long-distance company. I already miss it.

I have finally gotten together with the printer who does my labels. It's taken me a very long time. At first I simply let it go after the move back to Mexico, then there was a series of Marx Brothers-like misunderstandings with a printer who was the wrong printer and a saleswoman who was the wrong saleswoman and missing printing records and so on. Anyhow, I'm back together with my label printer and have the original back in stock. I've sent it to those who have ordered it over the past months and will have it in stock from here on out. If you've ordered it and have not received it, drop me a line and complain. As a reminder – this peel-and-stick label is black lettering on a glossy yellow background. They look very good.

The Holocaust Question

Ignore the Thought Police
Read the Evidence
Judge for Yourself

www.codoh.com

(Slightly reduced.)

10 labels for $2. 50 labels for $5
100 or more labels: 8 cents each

In **SR88** (February) when I listed the titles of the 111 articles that we have published in *The Revisionist*, beginning with the three hard copy issues and continuing on with the succeeding seven Internet issues and the special hard copy issue published especially for the Campus Project, I wasn't thinking about having to format about 70 of them when I presented them as an offering in exchange for a contribution.

The time came when orders started coming in and I had to download the 70 articles from the Internet individually and format each one. It was time consuming, it was something of a bother, but as it turned out there was a considerable upside to having to do the work. Two upsides.

One was that I was reintroduced to all the work that has been accomplished by *The Revisionist*. It was the first revisionist journalism to be distributed in hard copy on college campuses. Now it is the one place on the Internet that produces a steady stream of original revisionist journalism for the World Wide Web.

And I was impressed by the quality of the work – original articles by George Brewer, William Halvorsen, Ernest Sommers, Richard Widmann, Samuel Crowell, MacKenzie Paine (our friend Audrey), Ross McCullough, Paul Grubach, John Weir, Ralph Marquardt, Orest Slepokura, Albert Doyle, Joseph Bellinger, Adam McCabe, and even yours truly, Smith.

It's really quite impressive. Issues one through three are in hard copy, on newsprint with two-color covers, saddle stitched. I've bound the articles first published on the Web, issues four through eleven, into one volume of 181 pages. It is 8 ½ x 11, spiral bound with a plastic cover. Looks nice.

The second upside to this work is that it is all in order and formatted, and that I can clearly see what work remains to ready it for publishing as a trade book, particularly for libraries. Richard Widmann, **TR's** editor, and I have talked occasionally, but from the beginning, about publishing *The Revisionist* as a trade book. I think we could make something of a success of it, not a blockbuster, but something. I think it could have a very wide sale to libraries. There is nothing like it in our public libraries. It's a question of priorities (*Break His Bones* is first in this slow-moving production line) and a question of funding.

Again, **SR** readers can order the entire set of eleven issues, three in hard copy and eight Internet issues bound in one volume, plus the special Campus edition in hard copy – all in exchange for a contribution of $45.

Re *Break His Bones* – again. On the Web page I am offering a Free E-Zine to those who ask for it. The idea for this E-zine is that I will keep potential buyers up to date on how the marketing of the book is progressing. At first glance this will appear to many to be a very boring idea for an E-zine. Outside revisionist circles, however, the interesting difficulties of marketing a Holocaust revisionist book are not understood. I hope to make it very interesting indeed.

Example: as I begin to run ads in student newspapers announcing the book, I expect that merely printing its title -- *Break His Bones: My Life as a Holocaust Revisionist* -- will introduce students to issues of a free press, the influence of special interest groups representing the Holocaust Lobby on and off campus, and the unexpected good sense of revisionist theory itself as students who respond to the ad go – first to the Web page for *Break His Bones*, then to CODOHWeb and *The Revisionist*. Sounds good to me.

Bradley

Smith's Report

is produced by
Committee for Open Debate on the Holocaust (CODOH)

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